

Black and Blue (For You)

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Her eye hurts, her body is numb, but seeing the blonde should be all that matters.

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Chapter 1

Gogo returns home looking worse for wear and with a new black eye.

She doesn't *actually* return to her home, in her shared apartment with Wasabi, but to Honey Lemon's cozy little home. If she had returned to Wasabi's, the man would have freaked out and lectured her repeatedly about getting into fights (again). And in any case, Gogo *really* wanted to see Honey Lemon.

Not unlike the expected reaction, Honey Lemon nearly throws a fit the moment Gogo shows up at her door and requests the couch. The blonde scoops Gogo up with little effort in a bridal-carry, gently lowers her onto the fluffy couch, and then proceeds to run around the house in a panicky effort to look for the first-aid kit.

Gogo doesn't actually care about getting treated, even though her eye is making her feel like a truck or five ran over her. Repeatedly. With heavy cargo. Like three whale corpses. *Each*. 'Ugh, I just... want to... sleep.'

"Gogo!" Honey Lemon cries out, skidding to a stop just in front of the dozing biker. "Gogo? Hello, hello, please tell me you're still alive!"

"I am not going to die from something like this," Gogo grumbles, staring up at the blonde, then immediately wishing she hadn't. She's too *bright*, as always. Sometimes Honey Lemon shines so much it makes Gogo's eyes hurt. (Though, she supposes that's part of what she loves so much about Honey Lemon.) The blonde holds the elusive first-aid kit in her hands, which Gogo immediately groans at. "Honey--"

"You are so not going untreated," Honey Lemon hisses, her voice an octave away from becoming a screech. "Why couldn't you have gone

to 'Sabi? He's way better at this than I am-- *gosh*, you could have gone to, well, *Baymax*! "

Gogo pauses. "You don't want me here." It had been meant to come out as a question, but the pounding feeling in her heart turns it flat and cold and nowhere near worthy of being heard by Honey Lemon.

Nevertheless, the blonde does hear it, and she glances over to look confused from her fumbling with the bandages and antiseptic. "Wh... No! N-No, that's not it..." She sighs. "I mean, you know, I'm just scared that I'll... that I'll screw up somehow and you'll get even worse than before. I... don't want that."

"Mm..." the biker takes a moment to shuffle over and land a light kiss on Honey Lemon's lips. "If I can trust you not to blow up the entire lab while you're doing experiments, I can trust you with this."

When Gogo retreats back to lean against the couch once more, the blonde has a stupid little grin on her face. She almost spills the entire bottle of alcohol all over the floor as she asks, "How'd you get into a fight this time, anyway?"

"Oh, well, someone called you a dyke and I taught them a lesson."

The blonde looks up from the kit.

"Love you, Honey," Gogo says, cracking a weak grin.
